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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Reading Room Divinity School

"In the great world there are no accidents;
Enthroned above the ages' ebb and flow,
Unseen, misunderstood,
God rules, who in all seasons and events,
Through fiery evil and o'erwhelming woe,
Forever works the good.

"And God hath wrought the good; forevermore
The million-mouthed cries of martyrdom
Are one immortal voice,
That sounds triumphant o'er the mighty roar
Of instant days and centuries to come,
And bids the world rejoice.

"Rejoice that freedom's gifts the earth adorn,
And every path is open thoroughfare
Won on the fields of strife;
That man may mount to highways of the morn,
With Faith the light, and Hope the fragrant air,
And Charity the life."

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St

Chicago

Publisher's Keynote.*

As an accompaniment to the editorial trumpet blast in this issue, the undersigned, as the new publisher of THE NEW UNITY, desires to strike the keynote of the business management. I was in at the birth of this enterprise nearly two decades ago. I helped put the infant on its feet. While it has been growing and gathering strength for the great work mapped out for it by its projectors, I have been busy most of the time with other matters. But I have never lost sight of THE NEW UNITY nor of its possibilities. At the beginning of its twentieth year I return to it to add to its splendid literary prestige whatever potency my own business ability and experience may afford.

The business policy of THE NEW UNITY will be in full sympathy and entire harmony with its lofty editorial aspirations. A famous general who was noted for being a man of few words once condensed his whole military character and genius into two words—"Push things." That will be the business motto of THE NEW UNITY, beginning with this number. The fondest dreams of its most enthusiastic friends are going to be realized and anything that stands in the way of that realization must step aside or get run over.

The first proposition is to double the subscription list before Easter, and in the words of last week's edition to do this promptly and to secure your immediate co-operation, we propose to halve our prices to all those who will double their energies in our behalf. We do this, not because we think that THE NEW UNITY is not now worth two dollars a year, nor because it is now paying expenses and we can afford to reduce our revenue, but because the few who have generously stood by and are now carrying the margin of deficiency, which is not light, want to increase the potency of this paper to its maximum. We mean to widen the circle of helpers, find two readers where we now find one.

Our proposition is not one annual subscription for one dollar, but

TWO ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR TWO DOLLARS.

That is to say, any present subscriber who has paid in advance, sending us one new subscription with one dollar, will have his own account extended double the time he is now credited with. Any present subscriber in arrearages paying up bills and two dollars in advance will secure a year's subscription for himself and an additional one to any other address named. Any new subscribers coming in twos or more will be supplied at the rate of one dollar per subscriber. Thus, just as fast as our list is reduplicated, the subscription price of THE NEW UNITY will be one dollar a year.

GET READY TO HELP US!
HELP US BY HELPING YOURSELF!
HELP YOURSELF BY HELPING YOUR NEIGHBOR!
LET US TAKE HOLD OF HANDS ALL AROUND, AND MOVE FORWARD!

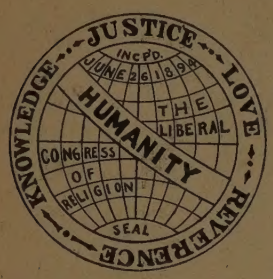
Enclosed in your copy of THE NEW UNITY you will find a subscription blank, which is intended to be filled out by you in case you desire to take advantage of the above offer. Should you be in arrears up to March 1, 1897, enclose the amount and an extra $2.00, which pays until March 1, 1898, and entitles you to an extra copy, besides your own, which you can order sent to any person you desire, or you can have your time extended two years instead of one.

ALFRED C. CLARK, PUBLISHER.

*The Publisher's Keynote is republished for the information of the thousands of readers who will receive sample copies of this issue.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1897. NUMBER 2



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

The world is always equal to itself; the forces which uphold and pervade it are eternal. Air, water, fire, iron, gold, wheat, electricity, animal fiber have not lost a particle of power; and no decay has crept over the spiritual force which gives bias and period to boundless nature. Bad times—what are bad times?

EMERSON.

The soul grows young in the service of conscience. It is blithe when it trusts the promptings of the heart. It is renewed when it invests all its energies in trying to obey the high exactions of God. Now and then we catch glimpses of this inner light in faces which are canopied with white locks—the force within that grows more youthful with the years. The channel narrows as it deepens and the murmur of its waters grows more musical as it becomes less turbulent.

It has been a conviction of the best students of sociology that pauperism could be successfully dealt with only when the state takes possession of the children of the gutter. That is, when the civic authorities claim the right to prevent the breeding of children expressly for crime and beggary. This conviction is gradually working itself into organic efforts to take the children, dehumanized by birth, to be humanized by state culture. In Sheffield such children are placed in cottages, separated from each other, and in no case more than fifteen in a family. Foster parents are placed over each home, and the children are sent to schools precisely as they are sent from other homes. The result is very favorable; and so far the reports are that there is no marked difference either in behavior or mental capacity between these foster children and the children of other families.

A recent symposium on "The Progress of the Churches" shows that there are 25,424,333 church members, 183,761 churches and 136,960 ministers of religion in the United States. If any two of the twenty-five and a half millions think exactly alike on religious subjects, they can safely be said not to think at all. How futile does that attempt seem, and how childish, to establish unity upon a basis which involves the absolute impossibility of the union of even two believers. This is the point at which Protestantism fails. Protestantism, with a name significant only of negation; with a foundation of *laissez-faire* individualism —the creed of Cain—which makes a social creed impossible; Protestantism, if consistent with its fundamental principle, will finally fill the world with sectarianism and reduce every man to a separate denomination. And yet out of this very absurdity of the theological situation arises its own paradox. Every man must be his own sect. He must have his own creed. He dare not impose his own upon his brother. The band of union then must be a spirit, not a creed. The new movement represented by the Liberal Congress says, "Let every man be his own sect,—believe his own creed,—but let all men go as far together as they can in the realization of righteousness in both the individual and the social conditions of the race."

The somewhat recent charity revival in Chicago emphasizes a criticism of Professor Gunton on organized charities. "The problem of poor relief is essentially economic, not charitable, and thus far the dealing has been wholly with the wrong end of it. The study most imperatively called for is not how best to administer charity, but how to make charity more and more unnecessary. What is wanted is not the systematized alleviation of a confessedly bad social and industrial situation, but its absolute alteration." No truer word in economics has been uttered for a long while. In criminology we are learning the modification of punishment to punishment for reformation, but it seems more difficult to understand the relative value of so much energy expended in the line of reformation on the one hand as against prevention on the other. The hope of sensible criminologists is more and more in the prevention of crime by the education of the young and tender rather than the reformation of the old and hardened. And so a system which leaves 250,000,000 bushels of corn in Nebraska which cannot be sold for ten cents a bushel, while men and women and children starve to death in Chicago and elsewhere, as they did a few weeks ago, shows that something is hideously rotten somwhere. The immediate task is to feed the starving, but the real problem is to make it impossible for people to starve alongside a glut of corn.

It is a notable fact that our national humorists have about run their race. We have not one left that is actively employing his talents on the burlesque or professional humor. Mark Twain was alive at last accounts, but said not to be in a joking mood most of the time. Bill Nye, Lewis, Billings are gone. There are none anxious to take their places. What is the meaning of this? Are we growing more sedate as a nation? Are the times too hard for tomfoolery? Or are we simply tired of jests? These men seem to have occupied much the same relation to democracy that the king's fool occupied to monarchy. The merry man is lopped off after a while—whether for well or ill is not so certain.

There seems to have been in the lines of the hyper-orthodox, and perhaps among others not specially gifted with orthodoxy, a fear that when Dr. John Henry Barrows went out to India to lecture on comparative theology he had become somewhat weakened in his specific attachment to Christian theology. This change of sentiment was attributed to the broadening influence of the Parliament of Religions. But it does not appear that Dr. Barrows has been in the slightest degree weakened in his attachment to the religion of Jesus by cultivating broader sympathies for those who have struggled for the light and life of God, as Buddhists, or Brahmans, or Mohammedans. The study of comparative theology, originating, we believe, in the University of Paris, followed closely by the University of Leyden, has spread to all the leading educational institutions of the globe. Even our theological seminaries have adjusted their lectures to take in a wide range of such comparative study. The Roman Catholic University of Freiburg takes up the new order. We shall have something to say in another place of the interesting "American Lectures on the History of Religions," the first of which, on Buddhism, is already published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Old Flag.

Since the first inauguration of Mr. Lincoln no administration has been launched into office holding within it more of the passionate hopes of a long suffering people than the one whose career has just begun. At a time when the whole business of the country is almost paralyzed, although there has been neither war nor pestilence nor famine, and although the past year has been one of the best in England's financial history; at a time when the love of liberty is almost forgotten in the quest of the dollar, and the American flag is in disgrace throughout the civilized world in that all men know that it can be insulted with impunity, and American citizens abroad who claim its protection do not receive it, but may be insulted, robbed, tortured, and even butchered under circumstances most hideous; and this without reproach from those who supposedly represent an indignant—a furious people; at this time President McKinley takes the reins of government, and the people thank God that some kind of a change is here, one which in some respects cannot be for the worse, and therefore promises to be for the better,—one which starts in with the significant promise of Mr. Sherman that the world cannot murder American citizens with impunity, and that the honor and glory of our flag must be maintained. The people love the old flag. It must not be degraded that a few men in Wall street can coin a little more lucre out of its ignominy. The American people have spoken, and they have still a word to say. Their hearts still ring true to the cause for which its stripes have dripped in the best blood of this land. The traditions of '76 and '61 cannot be obliterated by "enlightened self-interest" nor by the cankering lust of a sordid few for more gold. President McKinley and Mr. Sherman are politicians too acute, as well as too good patriots, not to be able to see the criminal blunder of the administration just gone in espousing the cause of Spanish ferocity toward American citizenship in a policy which history will name with execration and shame.

A spicy contemporary observes that it is likely that our Cuban policy will be altered by the McKinley administration until it Fitzhugh Lee and suits the rest of us.

The Head of the Treasury.

The Review of Reviews for March contains a character sketch of Lyman J. Gage, by Major Handy, which will be of peculiar interest to Chicago readers. Among the political surprises of the winter of 1896-97 none perhaps has been a greater one than the appointment of Mr. Gage to the Treasury Department. This has been a bad year for machines and machine-made politics and political engineers. President McKinley's triumph in the first battle, that for nomination, dates from his victory in the convention over the Illinois machine; and his independence of the national machine is shown in nothing more clearly than in his turning down the professional politicians who were dreaming of the treasury, and his appointment of a man who has achieved the record of scratching a ticket and at the same time being recognized in the highest political councils of his party. This is a significant spectacle. A few more indications as notable and audacious as this one would reduce to a conviction the confused hope that a new political era is upon our country; that it is not necessary to submit to the sandbagging of the machine to be recognized as a good partisan, to say nothing of a good patriot; and that the fatal sentence of Marcy in 1832, "To the victors belong the spoils," shall some day be no longer a watchword in our American politics. Aside from the fact that the appointment of Mr. Gage is the most appropriate one thus far made by the new administration; apart from the fact that this appointment was made in spite of the politically (hitherto) unpardonable crime of voting in line with a conscience at cross purposes with the bosses, this simple fact stands, that for the Secretary of the Treasury President McKinley has appointed a financier and not a politician. Major Handy tells an interesting story of Mr. Gage's career from roustabout in a lumber yard to the presidency of "the greatest of western banks," "the Gibraltar of western capital," a bank which a late

comptroller of the currency said is "in legitimate banking business disassociated from kite-flying and speculation," there being "only one institution which surpasses it, namely, the Bank of England." But the really hopeful sign of reform in the matter is not so much that the treasury will be better managed than a mere politician could manage it, but that a man who has bolted his party has been appointed in the face of a lot of hungry office-seekers who brazen-facedly have said that they would rather vote for the devil than scratch a ticket, and who doubtless oftentimes have made good their word. More, this independent voter, this citizen who has thought more of how he could honour Chicago than how Chicago could honour him; this man who has leaped to the front in every cause of good and honest citizenship, has planted himself squarely upon the platform of civil service reform. He has promised civil service reform in his whole department. The Treasury Department, therefore, starts in with men of experience instead of a lot of raw office-seekers who for party service claim the right to maladminister the affairs of the country in consideration of fat salaries. One can hardly say this word without mention of another man who for years has stood side by side with Mr. Gage, himself an independent voter and writer, a fearless and tremendous worker on the side of clean politics, honest administration and decent men for public trusts; a man who has figured in the role of both president-maker and cabinet-maker in this adminstration—a man who is the *bete noir* of every gangster and political machinist of the state of Illinois—Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat.

The New Unity congratulates itself and the country that men like Mr. Gage and Mr. Kohlsaat can speak with authority and decision in the nation's councils, that the independent has a place in politics, and that an administration with four years still ahead of it promises so much for the expansion and redemption of Republicanism.

Our Criminals.

The investigations published by Mr. Josiah Flyntt, in the Forum, call up once more the question whether we cannot do something better with our criminals than to kill them. Mr. Flyntt shows that those whom we make victims of the extreme penalty, are by no means the worst individuals of the class in which they belong; that they are as a rule the strongest and most capable of amendment. The vigorous and strong-willed of the slum class go into crime, while the utterly hopeless and weak members drop into pauperism. He goes so far as to show that the criminal class as a whole have characteristics not by any means despicable, and in some respects admirable. On the contrary the professional pauper class is degenerate in manhood and decency; and might better be dispensed with by society. Apart from the folly of killing the best of the lower class, we are led to a deeper sense of the folly of pauperizing the rest. Prostitutes, he declares, are made mainly by a desire for wealth or luxury; and this must be recognized as exactly the same motive that actuates higher classes in honorable endeavors. Desire for comforts and luxuries is at the bottom of what we recognize rightly or wrongly as social progress. These facts must be recognized by placing before these girls in early life better chances and higher ambitions.

E. P. POWELL.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Death.

O Death, I fear thee not!
  Thou hast no pains for me;
Whate'er my future lot, to live or be forgot,
  I dread not thee!

Pale Angel in the gloom,
  Waiting the appointed hour
To strike, with sword of doom, into the open tomb,
  I will not cower!

For who, that Life hath faced,
  Need tremble at thy tread!
If Soul be not disgraced, her lesson rightly traced,
  Where are the dead?

Passion and False Delight—
  There in the grave they lie;
Slain by the spirit's might, doomed to eternal night—
  These, only, die!

OLIVER H. P. SMITH.

The Work of a People's Church in a Small Town.

Among the unchurched in almost any of our towns of small or medium size, are those who by nature and by training are religious in thought, and in purpose of life and in character. Some of these have had, and perhaps have now, close affiliation with the churches. They are children of church members, even of ministers; and a brother or other relative is a minister; they may have been themselves church members. But now they are regarded by the churches as "without hope and without God in the world." For such and for many others who have a religious disposition and character, there is needed a means by which their religious nature shall be cherished and developed. The People's church offers such a means.

In a little village where opportunities for general culture are few, persons will be found who possess a considerable measure of cultivation. Their opportunities for improvement have been greater than those which are about them now. For their children, the advantages of an average, if not inferior, school, and training under more or less narrow church influences are all that can be secured in a general way. Parents are compelled to see their children growing up with very little to afford them an enlarged view of life. The petty ideals and attainments of townspeople who have reached the limit of their thought are the standards by which they must judge of life, so far as influences outside the home are concerned.

Is there a way out from such environment? Must parents enduringly accept for themselves and their children this training which is so inadequate? The condition thus presented has not been drawn from imagination. The writer has been surprised to find in some smallest towns people who had large communication with the outside world. They perceived clearly the limitations of their environment. Shall they be blamed if they desire increased advantages and larger opportunities for themselves and their children? These persons have outgrown the supreme conceit of minister or layman which assumes the ability and the right to dictate to them the path which they must follow in religion or in education. They readily respond to the suggestions of a minister or an educator who admits their right to think for themselves, to form their own judgments, and to decide for themselves as to the wisdom of a given course.

The opportunity for a People's church exists in many

such towns for the very reason that it seeks to meet these wants of the people. It does not assume superiority, it does not endeavor to compel into certain lines of thought or belief. In many towns or neighborhoods there are unions which are practically People's churches. In some places, where these have been, discord has succeeded harmony because a denominational church has sought to secure fo ritself the results which had sprung from the people's movement.

What, then, should be the aim of a People's church in a small town? First of all, to provide a church home for all who have any desire for or appreciation of such a home, "whether they have much or little faith, and though among them are those who hold different beliefs." It is a long step of progress when acknowledgment of God receives open recognition as belonging to the religious life, and as accepted of God. It is much, when one who has frequent thoughts of God and may even be searching for him continually shall become assured that to such God reveals himself.

What should be the purpose of a People's church in a small town? For one thing, not to antagonize existing institutions, nor to spend any energy in the endeavor to assert its right to be. In striving to perform well its legitimate work it will best prove this right, and best conserve its forces.

What should be its methods? The simpler, the better. In some cases the work may begin, perhaps must begin, with a formal organization; in others, this may be impracticable. The "personal equation" and the special conditions may sometimes determine with regard to this. If the leader be one who approves himself to the people, or one whom they have known, and who has their confidence, his personality may avail for many things which otherwise could be secured only by a more or less elaborate organization. Much depends, also, upon the character and spirit of the people. If the leaders are wise, skillful, unselfish, and if they have the work deeply at heart, their wise action may be effective under very simple methods of organization. In some cases, however, these qualities may be sufficient reason for thorough organization. In a small town, the more nearly that a People's church can begin and progress in the line of evolution and not revolution, the better it may prove for all persons and interests concerned. Wisely to wait upon conditions, is to make those conditions plastic; persons and events will yield to the influence. God and the powers of his universe work in behalf of, and with, those who wisely wait. In most unlikely circumstances, and in conditions which seemed to forbid any advance, results not anticipated and of high value have been secured by this patient waiting and working. Shape the work in accordance with conditions; study all opportunities and improve them. It is possible at the start to go too fast and too far. Nothing avails in such a movement without the sympathy and co-operation of the people; yet their need and the possibilities may be apprehended before the people, as a whole, have perceived them. It requires a wise leader and leaders, and a devotion even to great sacrifice if need be, in order to secure the results which are desired.

A. T. WATERMAN.

Pastor People's Church, Baldwin, Mich.

The Failure.

We called his life a failure, yet we knew
  The cross of conscious weakness that he bore
With patience; his ideals fixed before,
  In life's best compensations, counted more
Than all our efforts, and our strength, could do.

The spirit that subdues itself, nor falls,
  Is grander, standing on its heights alone,
Than he who has besieged the city's walls,
  And claims the brilliant conquest as his own.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

Sewanee and Other Places.

The Centennial at Nashville is to be on as extensive a scale as the one at Atlanta. The grounds are almost as large and the willow crowned islands in the center of the lake look very picturesque. The buildings are the same style of architecture as the ones at Atlanta, and appear just as imposing. Among other floral decorations there is a large rose garden whose pink, white and scarlet blossoms look as though the fairies had made for their exhibit an embroidered quilt. Appropriately enough, the name of the florist is Joy.

As the train passed through Murfreesboro, Tenn., the home of the writer, Charles Egbert Craddock, with folded arms and great repose of manner there stood on the platform a veritable Tennessee mountain girl, pretty, with black ringlets, black eyes, and wearing the characteristic pink sunbonnet.

The University of the South is situated at Sewanee, and there was much excitement in August over commencement. Entertainments of all kinds were plentiful. Forensic Hall, overshadowed by majestic college oaks, was the scene of the gaieties. The hall was lighted by brilliant electric lights, whose cool pallor agreeably refreshed the eye. United States flags wreathed the wide entrance to the hall, and clustered in the rafters. Along the sides of the walls bayonets, guns and pistols were grouped, giving a picturesquely martial air to the surroundings. Red, white and blue bunting drooped its patriotic folds above the dancers. On commencement day the procession up the chapel aisle composed of bishops, professors and other officials, all arrayed in the glory of purple and scarlet robes, was marred in its impressiveness by the appearance of a stately bishop, the back of whose robe bore the legend, "a pious fraud." A few miles from Sewanee, farther up the mountain, is a favorite resort of the Nashvillians, Monteagle. Two soft gray blue carrier-pigeons, with messages tied under their wings, were let fly one morning from Table Rock. They took the right direction to Nashville at once, although it was their trial trip. Lookout Inn, on Lookout Mountain, is quaintly pretty in its architecture. Numerous and beautiful are the views, especially the one of Moccasin Bend and Chattanooga. Riding, walking and dancing are the chief amusements. The children have a good time there. They lay the parlor chairs down in the middle of the floor and then play leap frog. And all the while a sign outside the door keeps on saying: "Children not allowed to play in the parlor." The music is not so good as it might be. One of the musicians, from his resemblance to that character, is called "Svengali." People from Chattanooga have summer cottages on the mountain. It is very convenient for them, as it is only twenty minutes' ride on the incline, said to be the steepest in the world. Among others there are a great many from Atlanta. Some are dwellers on that famous street which has no peach tree. The club, with its gay flower beds and tall banana trees that wave in the well-kept grounds, is one of the prettiest features of that same peach tree street. Nearly next door stands a tall Grecian columned house that was the headquarters of a general during the war. A little farther off is the Governor's handsome mansion, where the three hundred presented themselves to beg for the life of Hanye. Atlanta had a long and varied parade on Labor Day. The horses of the Southern Railway float wore their best bib and tucker in the form of tiny flags worn coquettishly over their ears. An immense and pompous-looking elephant seemed to think the procession was all in his honor. Great crowds packed the streets and the regimental band from Post Macpherson, with numerous other bands, filled the air with gay music.

REBECCA GARNETT.

We will trust God. The blank interstices
Men take for ruins, He will build into
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane's complete.
This world has no perdition, if some loss.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Realism and Romance in Fiction.

Illustrated by Anna Karenina and Trilby.

PART I.

ANNA KARENINA.

Mr. Howells, with delightful inconsistency, claims that "the realist represents facts as Providence has disclosed them to him," as if Providence did not disclose life to the idealist as well. To represent life as Providence has disclosed it to him is really the aim of every sincere writer. Painters, poets, musicians, actors, enthusiasts who stir the feelings of the world, are always persons of strong emotional nature; when to this emotional nature is added the clear intellectual perception of the right relation of things, of tones, colors, form, character, then we have the artistic temperament, and the work of such natures, whether in music, painting, sculpture or literature will be touched with that quality of sympathy which springs from the heart.

From the nature's balancing toward the intellectual side come our abstract thinkers, our scientists, our philosophers, our logicians. When this intellectual cast of nature is so warmed by sentiment and imagination as to tempt the individual into the field of fiction, we have our realistic writer.

What the romantic, imaginative writers picture in fairy tale or Arabian night, the scientist of to-day welds into reality. On the other hand the study of the zoologist must be rounded by the imaginative interpretation of a Rudyard Kipling before the great life of the jungle is revealed to us.

In the study of the life of man the scientist approaches us from the material side, dissects and reduces man to the material, while to the religious, or spiritually-minded, man appears as a spiritual being.

In the world of fiction where man and woman are studied and represented in their social relations, again we have the picture on the one side seen by the mind of the scientist, on the other side viewed from the heart of the poet, and the result is our two modern schools of fiction, the realistic and the romantic. But the writers of these two schools are subject to universal laws which, at different periods of their existence modify their point of view and diversify their work. Not only does the cast of a writer's mind influence his vision of life, but the actual appearance of life is different to him at different periods of his development. There is a clear and a universally felt analogy between the periods in the life of man, and the changes in the day, and the varying seasons of the year. We all recognize this, and the literature of all time expresses it. Youth, the morning of life, the springtime of existence, the terms are interchangeable. Or noon, summer, middle life and again evening, autumn and the years of ripened experience.

Natural objects are essentially the same in the twenty-four hours of a June day and night, but how different appears the world in the changing light of those brief hours. The glory of light and color at dawn is flooded in poetic radiance, actualities are blended with their softening shadows, and over all is thrown that network of audible beauty, the interlacing songs of innumerable birds. At noontide the birds are silent, faded are the colors, furled are the picturesque shadows, and in the pitiless midday sun the hardest facts of earth stand ruthlessly exposed.

But as evening approaches again the purple shadows lengthen, tender opalescent tones appear in the sky, the turtle-dove croons on her nest, and all the joy of the morning breaks out again in the song of the thrush as with the sinking of the sun, the splendor of all nature's jewel-casket glories in the still heavens. As the songs of the birds sink into silence the light pales into silver, the mystic shadows deepen and in the full moonlight of the June night the spirit of romance sways the world. Every hour of the twenty-four was equally real and carried its own message to the life of man.

The story of Anna Karenina stands in the foremost ranks of the great realistic novels. Written at the high noon of middle age by a man of keen, highly cultivated, analytical intellect it is pitiless in presentation, microscopic in detail and photographic in method. Like the camera Tolstoi accurately reports life as it is presented to the light of his consciousness. All the defects of the realistic school burden the story. It is weakened by over-detail, as if the artist must paint every leaf on the tree. We are wearied by the elaborate working up of the career of the secondary characters. Leven is a marvelously analyzed type of the crude Russian nature, vigorous, harsh, violent, impulsive, affectionate, generous, a character of great force and naturalness, but Leven is almost buried beneath the long digressions upon Russian agricultural methods which injure the artistic proportions of the book and tax the patience of the reader beyond endurance. The action of the story is entangled and retarded by the elaborately complicated network of surrounding social conditions through which it moves. But in the study of Anna Karenina's temptation and ruin Tolstoi rises above himself, his genius burns high and his book becomes one of the great novels of the world. When he touches the workings of Anna's nature it is as if the eternal moral consciousness revealed itself through him. You never feel the author's tenderness for the character, but the woman's womanliness throbs into life under his pen; with pitiless fidelity the light is flashed into the inmost recesses of her heart. The touch of the artist is revealed in the first glimpse that we have of Anna.

"Soul impulse made Vronsky look back at her, not so much because she was especially beautiful and her whole appearance betrayed distinction and modest grace, as because there had been something especially tender and friendly in her charming face in the brief moment of her passing him. Just as he looked behind him she, too, turned her head. Her large radiant eyes, shaded by dark lashes, rested upon him in an attentive, friendly look, as though she were trying to place him. In that brief glance Vronsky had time to observe a restrained wealth of vitality, love of life playing over her face, in her glowing eyes, about her rosy lips, as though a certain exuberance so filled her whole being that it found vent in the brilliancy of her eyes and smile. And as Vronsky looked at her he could not have told why he smiled."

The reader as well as Vronsky, is at once captivated by the winning charms of the woman. As in the next chapters the author reveals her tact, her womanly sympathy, her wit, her clear judgment and her serene self-poise one feels that there is a woman fully equipped for life and equal to all its temptations. Her brother's children and the young girl Katia adore her. The handsome young military officer Vronsky was devoting himself to Katia and in an outburst of girlish confidence Katia reveals her budding affection for him to Anna.

With sweet womanly sympathy Anna responds: "Oh, what a happy time for you," she says, "I remember. I know it by myself, the blue mist, like the mist on the mountains in Switzerland. The mist that veils everything in the happy time when childhood lies just behind us and we step out of its broad, sunny reaches into the passes that keep growing narrower, where anxiety settles down upon one's heart. But it is too beautiful, too enticing, that fragrant distance! Who has not gone through all that?" But then with something like a stab, Anna remembers her own early loveless marriage to a man twenty years her senior. That had closed the gates upon the golden lights and blue mists of her own girlhood before the deep springs of womanly love in her nature had found their channel. That the passion of love should come into that woman's life was as inevitable as death, and in the poisoned at-

mosphere of fashionable life in a Russian city, where marriage gives freedom, her position as the beautiful young wife of an elderly politician and scholar was perilous.

But moral shipwreck comes always from weakness within, and with his unerring touch Tolstoi indicates in the very dawning of the love that came to Anna the fatal lack in her character.

In the morning she listened with genuine sympathy to Katia's tender confidences. At a ball that same evening she met for the second time Katia's admirer, Vronsky. As the magnet draws the steel her nature was drawn to his, under his spell she was dazzled and captivated and oblivious to all else. She seemed to be living in a dream, outside of which everything was unreal. Looking into their faces as they danced and talked together the young girl Katia divined all and felt herself annihilated.

The next morning Anna, realizing her own danger, decided to return home. As her husband meets her after her absence of three days her long indifference to him suddenly crystallizes into aversion. The flame of her feeling for Vronsky throws into high relief all the defects of her husband. His ungainly body, prominent ears, his cold demeanor, his thin voice, all rasp her excited nerves, and when he cracks his knuckles, as he habitually does, she feels a wild desire to fly from him.

Vronsky follows her to St. Petersburg, where his own military company is stationed. He is completely mastered by his passion for her and deliberately intends to win her. Goaded on the one side by the constant irritation of her husband's presence, drawn to the other side by the overpowering force of Vronsky's feeling, the opposite influence of the two acting and reacting upon each other, her own heart's love surging toward Vronsky, as in the beginning she forgot the right of Katia, later she forgets the claim of the one who had been hitherto the dearest object of her life, her only child, her son.

From the hour when she sacrificed her husband's honor and her child's welfare to her love for Vronsky she never again breathed the breath of freedom. She who had been the frank, fearless, pure woman was forced by the nature of her position into a life of deception, enslaved by the fear of discovery, and her sense of exaltation had fallen into the bitter loss of self-respect.

Anna's husband, Karenin, would not dishonor his wife by jealousy or suspicion until further doubt of her unfaithfulness was impossible, but when he realizes the outrage to his own honor and pride he is harsh and icy in his condemnation of her. She has become to him an intolerable disgrace and he wishes to divorce her and keep his child. With all his high moral qualities the same traits that had made Karenin unendurable as the companion and censor of a woman like Anna came to the surface in this ordeal. Always in the right, yet always appearing at a disadvantage; while the reader upholds and pities him he half despises the man in his cold severity, thinking first of his own public honor in the face of the moral ruin of his wife.

But Karenin is seen in a wholly new light in that great dramatic chapter where Anna lies face to face with death. Vronsky is with her. Her husband has been sent for and comes, hoping to find her dead. His heart is like steel toward her. But as he approaches her room he hears her voice in the excitement of fever speaking clearly and joyously. "He will forgive me. He is good. He does not know himself how good he is." Then as through her half delirium she recognizes her husband, she fixes her eyes upon his with such appealing, touching devotion as he had never seen in her. In the nearness of eternity it was as if her soul for the first time saw the soul of her husband.

"Do not wonder at me," she said, "I am the same woman that you loved, but within me there is someone else that I am afraid of. This someone else has grown fond of him and wished to leave you, but I could not forget myself who has always been here. I am myself now." The dual nature in us all was clear to her then, and to her husband also. His coldness toward her melted forever. He had been hard to Anna in her strength and beauty and defiance; but now as she lay prostrated and humbled, with a sudden complete revulsion of feeling, a great wave of forgiveness revealed his real magnanimity.

The poor, storm-tossed weak woman's nature, rising for that one brief hour above herself, exalted her husband to his rightful place of honor. And Vronsky, who had despised the cold elderly, unattractive man as a ridiculous obstacle in the way of his wife's happiness, was now utterly humiliated, and recognized in Karenin high and noble qualities unattainable to himself.

Mercy would have dropped the curtan here, but the realist is not merciful.

Life regains its hold upon Anna, and again the senses imprison her soul, and again the beauty of her husband's soul is hidden from her by his repellent temperament.

The novel has the force of a Greek tragedy, when the reader begins to feel a horrible sense of the inevitable in the subtle, complex influence undermining Anna's moral struggle. In the reaction consequent upon the effort of her very decision for duty, in the languor and lassitude of convalescence, when will power and nervous energy are at their lowest ebb—without her consent Vronsky comes to her for a final farewell. The sweep of feeling is overwhelming; in the glamour and thrill of his presence the weight of her nature swings to the side of passion; all that she had battled for is lost. She is a woman and love has conquered her. Everything else is thrown to the winds. She leaves her husband and goes to Italy with Vronsky.

Karenin bears his desolation with the outward coldness characteristic of him, but his heart is broken with loneliness and with compassionate pity for the woman he was powerless to save. The helplessness of the man with his child and his domestic cares is one of the most powerful touches in this intense part of the book. In the midst of his own pain he writes Anna, again assuring her of his forgiveness and his desire for her happiness—a little pathetic in its very self-restraint.

But nothing could give happiness to Anna now. In her own being were the forces that worked her retribution. She had forgotten Katia, she had forgotten her son's claims, she had broken her husband's heart for the sake of her own happiness, and now happiness had become the one thing impossible to her.

Vronsky was devotion itself, doing everything in his power to help and heal the moral and social suffering she had endured. But something in that deserted home began tugging at the heartstrings, and the voice of a little child was calling across the chasm between her life and his—her only son. She had dearly loved the little Sereoscha, she never knew how dearly until now.

After three months in Italy Vronsky was called to St. Petersburg on business and Anna went with him. In her longing to see Sereoscha she wrote her husband for permission to do so. Her husband replied that Sereoscha had been told that she was dead, and to see her would be to destroy his precious memory of his mother.

But Sereoscha did not believe that his mother was dead. He was always thinking of her and believing that she would come back. He loved her dearly, and life without her was dull and cheerless, and he hated to be talked to as if he were a little boy in a book.

The night before his birthday he prayed that his mother might come to him next day, and then he said to his tutor, "Vasili Nukitch, do you know what I prayed for all myself, what does not belong to my prayer?"

"To learn better?"

"No!"

"For a toy?"

"No! You cannot guess it after all. Something very nice, a secret. If it happens I will tell you. Can't you guess it?"

"No; go to sleep. I am putting out the light."

"I can see what I was praying for more clearly without the light. You might easily have guessed the secret," said

Sereoscha merrily, and he fell asleep thinking of his mother's presence.

Early next morning when only the servants were up, Anna gains access to her boy's room. She finds him just beginning to wake.

"It is he! That was the shape of his head, these were his lips, his soft throat, his broad shoulders."

"Sereoscha," she whispers.

He sat up and turned his frowsy head in all directions as if searching for something, and lifted his heavy eyelids. He looked questioningly at his mother standing there, smiled happily, and closed his eyes again. Then he stretched out his arms toward her.

"Sereoscha! My darling boy," she said in smothered tones, as she threw her arms around his soft little body, that wriggled gleefully, nestling close to her.

Smiling sleepily with closed eyes, he enveloped her in the sweet breath of childhood and began to stroke her shoulder with his face.

"I knew it!" he said, opening his eyes, "I knew you would come; this is my birthday."

"Why! Are you crying, mamma?" he asked, suddenly wide awake. "Why are you crying," exclaimed, his own voice tearful.

"I shall not cry any more, but it is so long since I saw you," she said, forcing back her tears and summoning a smile.

"Mamma! Dearie! Darling!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms around her again, as if only now he believed in her reality when he saw her smile.

But Anna knew that her visit must be brief for Karenin might come in any moment, and soon she turned to Sereoscha with a look which he knew meant farewell.

"My darling, my darling," she said, calling him by her baby name for him, "Will you never forget me?"

He nestled close to her and said, "Do not go just yet; he is not coming now."

She wondered if he knew what he had said, but she saw by his face that he knew what he was talking about and seemed to be asking her what he was to think of his father.

"Sereoscha," she said, "love him. He is better and nobler than I, and I have done him wrong. When you grow up you will see that."

"There is no one better than you!" he exclaimed despairingly, crying bitterly, holding her face and pressing her to him with hands that trembled from the effort he made.

"My darling, my baby," said Anna, kissing his wet cheeks.

The step of her husband was heard and the meeting with her boy was over. And now she began to realize what it meant to have given up her boy, not only bodily, but spiritually. Now she was separated from him forever and that was unalterable. She must carry through life and into eternity the living remorse of having robbed her own child of its mother; of having poisoned the pure fountain of a child's deepest love. Could forgiveness ever take away that sting?

There is something very chivalrous and tender in the attitude of Vronsky toward the woman he considers his wife. In the country place to which he takes her he seeks in every way to interest her and to fill her life with rational aims.

Her higher nature asserts itself occasionally, but only momentarily. Gradually the condemning fire in her own breast destroys everything it touches, and in time it reaches even the one thing for which she had sacrificed all—the love of Vronsky. The love of Vronsky was strong, but it could not hold against the subtle change in the woman for whom he had given up all personal ambition. With her loss of self-respect went all of Anna's bright, elasticity of spirit, the pure womanly charm and brilliancy that had been spontaneous. She felt this change in herself and trembled for her hold on Vronsky. Even while he was living only for her she feared that his love was cooling. She grew nervous, and then jealous, and she reproached Vronsky for the change which was only in herself. And in time she wrought the very evil that was born in her imagination, until, though Vronsky is still kind and gentle toward her, she reads the deepest depth of her tragedy in his eyes and knows that he can no longer love the woman she has become.

There is hardly a trace of the brilliant, fascinating, lovable Anna in the nervous, irritable, exacting woman whose paroxysms of jealousy make her terrible in the eyes of the one being on earth for whom at last she cares.

And in the shocking close of her life even the dignity of despair is withheld from her suicide, which appears only as the culmination of overwrought jealousy and nervousness and the unreasonable terror of weak superstition, connected with a dream.

But what of Vronsky, the tempter?

True to his realistic reflection of life Tolstoi leaves the woman to bear the curse. We have but one more glimpse of Vronsky and Anna, one summing up of the tragedy, and this is given us in the words of a woman, the mother of Vronsky: "When my son learned of Anna's suicide he was not himself. It was terrible to see him. He nearly went mad, for he loved her; he had done everything to make her happy. It was a horrible experience! She was a wicked woman. She ruined the lives of two excellent men, her husband and my son—God forgive me—but I hate her memory!"

Anna had fallen beneath the wheels of that terrible Juggernaut, who for ages has crushed the women who places love above right. She who takes all the risks is ruined, while man, her tempter, goes on his way.

So has Tolstoi painted his picture—pitilessly realistic, pitilessly true—it is the scientific method of waving the flaming sword. But, thank heaven! in the evening of life—and to the mind which cares more for the flight of the swallow than for the mechanism of its wing—truth reveals herself from another point of view and in a different light.

WINNIE LOUISE TAYLOR.

A Will and a Way.

Several years ago, an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"O yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"O yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"O yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"O, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"O, I never was at school."

Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or master! But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the signboards on the houses. What may not be done by trying? "Where there is a will there is a way."—*The Myrtle.*

Proof-Corrections.

I regret exceedingly that the carelessness of a proof-reader left several typographical errors in my word to the public last week. For "movements" in line 5 read "movement." The sentence beginning "Hating Shams" ends with "undogmatic religion," and the period, and the capital letter in "these" are errata, and mutilate the sense of the sentence. "Of" is omitted before "something" in line 21. For "in" in line 33 read "upon."

If further the reader will kindly wipe out the italics at the bottom of the column and substitute plain "lower case," and change the word "proud" to "glad" in the concluding paragraph, he will know about what I attempted to say.

Perhaps in the hurry and confusion following all the changes of the week something of this sort was unavoidable, though it is to be regretted.

Frank Buffington Vrooman.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Hope is the gardener of the heart.
MON.—Politeness is as natural to fine natures as perfume is to flowers.
TUES.—Possess or acquire all the qualities or virtues that can serve others.
WED.—Often the world discovers a man's moral worth when its injustice has nearly destroyed him.
THURS.—Thought is the slave of the heart.
FRI.—The hand never tires when the heart dictates.
SAT.—Let us believe what we can and hope for the rest.

—*De Finod.*

A Mortifying Mistake.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell, if you can."
For I thought of my doll, and—what do you think!—I answered—"Mary Ann!"

—*Anna M. Pratt, in Exchange.*

"Knowledge is Power."

It was only a new fifth reader which she had received that day but it was enough to make her happy. You who have more books and periodicals within your reach than your time allows you to read, cannot realize the keen delight with which the little girl turned the crisp white leaves. The smell of print, peculiar to most new books, came to her as an odor of luxury. The few books that had come into her hands had been read and reread and her mind was hungry—oh, so hungry!—to know more of that great world which was lying beyond her horizon. But even more than the book itself, the motto upon its covers fascinated her. "Knowledge is Power" was printed there in heavy raised letters. Of course these words did not suggest to her mind all the philosophy which Bacon had put into them. Still they meant much to her. When she was in the narrow little farmhouse, bare of comfort and beauty, she wondered if by that power she could transform it in to such a one as she sometimes dreamed of, and if she could make the life of her careworn mother easier and happier. She wondered, too, if it were a power that would enable her by and by to tbe something else than an ugly, insignificant little girl, and if it would ever open the way for her into that far-off world. At any rate, she wanted power and a great amount of it. Day by day she worked zealously. The motto was the magic which held her to the hard problems in arithmetic until they were solved—it helped her persevere in whatever was dry and uninteresting to her mind. But still, that mind was hungry, for the little girl felt that there was infinitely more to be known than the teacher in the little country school could ever teach her. With longing eyes she sometimes looked into the vague distance and then she wondered how she could get the knowledge she craved and what she would do when she had the power.

At last, another day of joy came. Her earnest pleadings had been granted and she was allowed to go to the High School in the nearest town. What was the long walk over muddy country roads, through wind and storm sometimes, compared to the bliss of having more knowledge within her reach! How fascinating it seemed, to find out more of that wonderful Nature which lay all around her, to learn more of the people of other times and places! What new worlds were opened to her! She worked now more zealously than ever. When in the evening, at home, the prattle of the other children grew too loud around her, she took her book up-stairs into the garret room to study in undisturbed solitude. There her table was a trunk, at the side of which she crouched for hours, reading and studying. And what happy hours they were! But sometimes when she thought of the tired, toilworn mother below, she quickly closed her book and ran down-stairs to lighten the burden with the help she could give just then rather than to wait until that far-off time when she should have the power to remove it.

As the little girl grew older and the more earnestly she devoted herself to study, the more she forgot her motto. It hardly ever came to her mind now, and in the end, she seemed to lose sight of it entirely. She now sought knowledge for the delight and satisfaction there was in it. Again a cherished aim was reached and the little girl, now a young woman, found herself coming nearer to that world of which she had once dreamed when looking out through the windows of the little country school into the vague blue distance. She was taken in the farm wagon to the station from whence she left for a distant college town. She had earned the small sum of money in her purse and she knew that in order to gratify the longing of her mind for more knowledge, there must yet be unlimited toil and self-sacrifice on her part. But young, strong and enthusiastic as she was she deemed none of these too great. Even common housework, looked down upon by many, she performed with a proud, light heart, since it was the means of securing her the precious privilege of study.

Years again have passed and the little girl has become a middle-aged woman. She is now in the world which was once lying so far beyond her horizon, and of which she dreamed with childish fancy. She is an instructor in a prominent college and in her home often gathers around her a circle of intellectual people. It is not a home remarkable for great magnificence or luxury, but it is comfortable, refined and beautiful, and in it is a white-haired, placid-faced little mother, enjoying her peaceful old age. Once, as the daughter was sitting by the fireside in the library, thinking back over the past and contrasting the now with the then, she murmured: "Knowledge is Power." And knowledge was power to her in yet another sense. It was the power which lifted her mind above the vexations, trials and sorrows that are spared from no life.

LOUISE NYDEGGER.

Danville, Ill.

Some time ago the Queen of Italy asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk mittens for her birthday, giving her the money for the material. A pair of beautifully worked mittens arrived on the Queen's birthday. The little girl received in return another pair; one mitten contained lires, the other bonbons. Queen Marguerite inclosed a little note, saying: "Tell me, my dear child, which you like best." The reply ran as follows: "Dearest Queen—Your lovely presents have made me shed many tears. Papa took the mitten with the money; my brother had the bonbons."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

The Study Table.

A Man's Value to Society.*

Dr. Hillis' first venture into the more and more perilous business of authoriship, ought, on the whole, to be cause for as unqualified satisfaction to himself, as it is to the public. So fresh and exhilarating a book, in its chosen field, does not often appear. In his modest fourteen-line preface Dr. Hillis says: "Unable to mention all the qualities of mind and heart that create wealth for the hand and lend strength and beauty to the life, I bring here a few reminders of great duties and enduring rewards." These "reminders of duties and rewards" Dr. Hillis has expanded into an exquisite volume. He treats in fourteen chapters such subjects as "Character," "Aspirations and Ideals," "The Imagination as the Architect of Manhood," "Visions that Disturb Contentment," "The Science of Living with Men," etc. This is no place to discuss in detail the contents of a book which contains so many different things, but the reader recognizes at once that here is a distinct contribution to homiletical literature. For the book is a receptacle of the Central Church pulpit utterances, although the distinctive note of the preacher in its technical sense is wholly wanting. This is the feature which, combined of course with the other excellencies of the book, sets a new mark for the homiletical literature of the West. This manner of preaching is distinctively Dr. Hillis' own. Some may prefer a style which plows a straight furrow for a new path through trackless thought, but those who love to wander over familiar places are sure to find the way cleared of thorns and stones, and strewn with flowers, if Dr. Hillis has gone before. Such a way of putting things, such a prodigality of illustration—illumination almost dazzling and even bewildering the reader, is not to be found elsewhere. Here is a style and method distinctly *sui generis*. The illustrations are always appropriate and they always throw a side-light upon some phase of truth or opinion. If the author chooses for his materials those things so many others have talked about so often, so badly or so well, he has brought the atmosphere and the sunshine of a poet's mind to bear upon them, and he has made them new. Most men who choose for a field the commonplace bring commonplace minds and methods to bear. Those common materials which many would weave into common patterns, Dr. Hillis weaves into new ones. And they are artistic. He cannot write without writing beautifully. Indeed, this is his distinctive characteristic. He is more poet than philosopher, more seer than reasoner, more creator than exegete. He never claims to deal in the logarithms of psychology, so to speak, nor does he view philosophy from its mathematical side. He is philosophical from the poetical side, and his book might, with justice, be called a scintillating kaleidoscopic piece of work on the poetry of the philosophy of common life. The book as a book has one grave fault. There is too much in it. This is a criticism not one to be made on all books in these days when books multiply. But a mind that is disposed to be responsive finds itself hurried from one idea to another, from one picture to another, from one suggestion to another, in such rapid succession that it is unable to be faithful to the main thesis from sheer wealth of other lines of thought that are suggested. If Shelley were describing it he would call it "darkness from excess of light." There are too many illustrations in all of Dr. Hillis' work. They are all good ones, could scarcely be better, but they dissipate the energy of the thought one brings to bear by suggesting and emphasizing too many things. But this is a fault more pardonable than its reverse. In these days when so many sermons still rumble along like ox wagons on the dead level, with no side avenues or alleys at all, no cool green vistas ahead, no gardens on either side, one is delighted to take up a book with the grave fault of having too much in it—a book which one can open at any page and find interesting—whose interest only quickens by turning back to the beginning of the chapter, or what is better, the beginning of the book, and reading it through. Dr. Hillis' contribution is an uncommonplace book of the commonplace.

F. B. V.

*A Man's Value to Society. Studies in Self-Culture and Character. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D. Fleming H. Revell Company. New York, Chicago, 1896.

Some March Magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly. In his article on the "Arbitration Treaty," John Fiske shows by a sweeping historical survey how the progress of industry and the relations between the United States and Great Britain make such a treaty a logical event; and he explains the incalculable benefits that are sure to come from it in the future. He points out how nearly all our disputes in the past could have been adjusted under such a treaty, and how the treaty is a natural ally of commerce and industrial advancement for the bringing of a new era in the history of government. By reason of its thoroughness of treatment and breadth of view, this article is a presentation of the most important subject perhaps now before the world—a presentation that will be read with equal interest in every civilized country.

Woodrow Wilson, from a remarkably fair point of view, gives his estimate of "Mr. Cleveland as a President." He brings to the study the breadth of a master of history, a patriotic spirit, and, and of course, a temper that is not born of participation in partisan discussion.

"The Good and Evil of Industrial Combination" is discussed by Prof. Arthur T. Hadley of Yale, who is foremost among the younger school of political economists.

McClure's contains the first installment of a tale of adventure of Robert Louis Stevenson, left unpublished at his death. Gen. John M. Thayer, formerly United States senator from Nebraska, gives an account of a night he passed alone with Secretary Stanton in the War Office, when the latter was expecting that President Johnson would attempt to dispossess him of his office by force of arms. Conan Doyle writes of his personal adventures and experiences as a surgeon on a Greenland whaler.

The North American Review publishes a timely and elaborate paper from the pen of Sir Edwin Arnold, on "The Famine in India." The problem of "Prison Labor" is thoughtfully considered by Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, and in "The History of a Poem," Mr. Edmund Gosse recounts the circumstances connected with the production of the late Coventry Patmore's work, "The Angel in the House."

The Musical Record differs somewhat from that of other journals of a musical nature. While attempting by the publication of original contributions from leading writers to assist in the formation of correct musical taste, it also quietly performs a more practical service by bringing together from all possible sources, the best thought of the brightest minds on music, art and literature.

E. L.

Herbert Spencer's Last Work.*

August, 1896, may be set down as a red letter day in the annals of modern philosophy. Herbert Spencer's work, begun in 1860, after thirty-six years of continuous toil, under the heavy weight of an enfeebled, diseased body, was completed last August. In 1885 he published Part IV, included in the volume now before us, and said in his preface "Three and a half years have elapsed since the issue of 'Political Institutions.' Occupation with other subjects has been one cause of this long delay; but the delay has been in a much greater degree caused by ill health, which has, during much of the inerval, negatived even that small amount of daily work which I was previously able to get through." Now he writes, "On looking back over the six and thirty years which have passed since the 'Synthetic Philosophy' was commenced, I am surprised at my audacity in undertaking it; and still more surprised at its completion."

* Principles of Sociology, Vol. III. By Herbert Spencer. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Nothing more touching could be said by others. But we may add congratulations, not only to the author but to the world. This we do, with the distinct consciousness that we have long passed the milestone, where anyone supposed Mr. Spencer had spoken or was about to speak the last word in philosophy. There are fewer "Spencerians" to-day than there were twenty years ago; but Mr. Spencer's views are reaching a steadily larger class, and doing more good than at any previous period. What we must say is this, that evolution as a hypothesis scientific, is now correlated with a complete system of philosophy. In fact, Mr. Spencer began to write the philosophy of evolution a little before Mr. Darwin began to organize the science of development on that basis. And now whatever changes may be wrought in the world, scientific or metaphysic, Darwin and Spencer have fixed places, side by side. Subordinate questions innumerable will be revised. Indeed, Mr. Spencer has in some cases sharply revised himself. The "Doctrine of Laissez Faire" will never be accepted in its fullness as laid down by Spencer; but we shall live to be grateful to him for its promulgation. In an age when each Congress enacts ten thousand bills, and each legislature five thousand, when new laws hail down on us vindictively at every turn, and no man knows, or can know, what statutes he is violating; when law-making has become an instinct of democracy, we may be sure of a great reaction toward the "let us alone" principle of politics. Nor does any scholar now follow Mr. Spencer in his reference of the origin of all religion historically to the worship of ancestors. His "Doctrine of the Intelligibility of God—or of "The Unknowable" is accepted with great freedom of interpretation.

I take it everyone will now wish to complete his set of Spencer. No one will be disappointed in this final volume. It contains some of the philosopher's very best work. It discusses more living vital topics than any preceding volume. Here are co-operation, slavery, socialism, labor and contract, trades unionism, and last of all a prophetic outlook. The book is a novel—but it is philosophy. The Appletons have done the American public a great favor in giving us this beautiful and cheap edition of Mr. Spencer's. Nor do we easily forget what they have done to encourage the great author. It was while in their employ that Edward L. Youmans carried over pecuniary aid that enabled Mr. Spencer to give his whole time to his true life work.

English Reviews.

The English reviews come to us with an unusual amount of matter bearing on American politics. Most of the criticisms are unfavorable to Mr. McKinley's tariff predilections. European affairs center and intensify about Greece and Turkey. Let England put off a little longer, and Russia will have it all her own way in Turkey—and for that matter wherever England has been accustomed to assert her will. Already Russia has ousted English influence in both China and Japan. The trouble is that when not actually fighting John Bull is very stupid. But now Sir R. K. Wilson argues that the Crimean war was a great blunder; that instead of driving Russia away from Constantinople, England should invite her to go there, and coerce the Turk. It is impossible to read those Leonard-Scott reprints without repeated vexation that our American magazines, compared with the *Nineteenth Century*, *Contemporary*, *New Review*, *Westminister*, and *Fortnightly*, are all light weight.

Which reminds us that we must make one or two exceptions. *Political Science Quarterly* is a magazine that does us honor; while once or twice a year a really first rate article appears in the *American Magazine of Civics*. Our friend Carus has also worked out a remarkable success with the *Monist*; while *Open Court* in its new form is nearly as valuable as its congener. By the way, *Open Court*, following the fashion of smoking cars, has put on a smoking apartment. The sole occupant indulges in smoky cogitations of a discoursive sort, that do not indicate the least effort at "through-ness," or connectedness. It is delightful to read the discussion, "Is there more than one Buddhism," by Dharmapala, our friend from Ceylon. But if you do not enjoy "The Mechanics of Sympathy," by Henry F. Rulinson, I shall be surprised. It is a remarkably fundamental discussion. "The editor, Dr. Carus, is at his best in 'The Trinity Idea.'"

E. P. P.

The Modern Reader's Bible.*

The most of the volumes in this series have already been noticed in UNITY *en bloc*. "Genesis," "Proverbs" and "Isaiah" have now come to hand. These volumes, like the others, have "the defects of their qualities." The critical aspect of the writings presented is almost entirely ignored. Here and there it is forced upon Prof. Moulton and he accepts it grudgingly. "Genesis" is one of the most successful volumes of the series. The genealogies are differentiated from the stories by a smaller type, so that they can easily be skipped. How good the stories are! And when we think how admirably the different strata are fused in them we half repent our demand for a literary treatment on the lines of critical investigation. Just now we have an experience that is much to the point. The "Autobiography" of Gibbon, as we have known it, proves to be a remarkable fusion of seven different autobiographies of Gibbon which have now come to light. For real knowledge of the man the seven are much better than the conglomerate, but for pleasant reading the conglomerate is still the best. And so, too, while for a real knowledge of Israel, we still go to the documentary criticism of the Pentateuch, for pleasant reading commend us to the conglomerate, especially as presented by Mr. Moulton. If, in some quiet, inoffensive way, he could have related his matter to the chapters and verses of the Old Testament, it would have been a boon for those who would like to take his literary treatment in connection with something more critical.

Prof. Moulton's "Isaiah" brings out the faults and merits of his methods in the clearest light. Go to Cheyne's "Introduction to Isaiah" and you find that of 653 verses in Chaps. I-XXXIX, he only allows 278 to Isaiah, and these in such a fragmentary fashion that they have little literary character left; so that here Prof. Moulton seems to find a justification for his method. He can say, If you are going to have any literary effect in this part of the Bible, you must say to the Higher Criticism, "Get thee behind me!" But Prof. Moulton knows well enough that not half the matter before Chapter XL is really Isaiah's and it would have done no harm to his literary presentation if he had indicated the probable date of the several passages and to what they referred.

In treating Isaiah XL-LXVI, he has fortunately been obliged to conform his divisions to those of the historical critic. Cheyne and others find the second Isaiah ending with the splendid climax of Chap. LV and Prof. Moulton finds here a literary turning point. Indeed Chaps. LVI-LXVI are differentiated quite as sharply from the second Isaiah of Chaps. XL-LV as these chapters from those of the true Isaiah. But in his introduction all distinctions of this sort are ignored; or, at least, all the diverse parts are treated as if they were the product of a single mind. We read of "the style of Isaiah," where the whole book is in question, though Prof. Moulton knows that we are dealing with several different authors, and that their style is not uniform. In short, Prof. Moulton has done what he could to obscure the critical results which have been worked out with so much patience and fidelity.

Prof. Moulton says, "I shall reckon it no objection to the arrangement I have adopted if it be pointed out that some passages I have presented as prose are as full of rhythmic parallelism as passages I have presented in verse." But his readers will not all agree with him. Some of them will think him extremely arbitrary. Take his treatment of Chap. LV (pp.178-9) for an example. Why not the whole chapter in verse or rhythmic prose? Prof. Moulton has frequently gone dangerously near to an arrangement as *staccato* in its effect as the old verse arrangement of the common versions. In "Proverbs" there is less to object to on this score, and his method is nowhere happier in its results. But why should he call little poems "sonnets" which are not sonnets, especially when he is so apt at inventing new names, like "rhapsody," for literary forms which do not correspond exactly with others in habitual use. In this connection it should be noted that he has an overplus of headings. Those who are likely to read his books will probably know "an epigram" when they see it without having it labeled every time. But Prof. Moulton is passionately fond of labeling.

J. W. C.

*The Modern Reader's Bible: Genesis, Isaiah, Proverbs. Edited with introduction and notes. By Richard G. Moulton, M. A. (Camb.), Ph. D. (Penn.), Prof. of Literature or English in the University of Chicago. New York: The Macmillan Co., 16mo. Cloth, 50 cts.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

TROY, N. Y.—The installation of Rev. Joseph H. Crooker as minister of the Unitarian Church took place last evening at the church in the presence of a very large congregation, including many of the clergymen of the city and vicinity. The service was replete with interest and it was a source of congratulation that the exercises occurred under such auspicious circumstances. Several prominent clergymen from other cities participated in the services. The sermon was by Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer of New York and was an eloquent and scholarly effort. Mr. and Mrs. Crooker carry with them the good wishes of hosts of friends to their new field of labor.

THE SALVATION ARMY is reaching out into the Pacific. Commandant Booth, of Australia, is reported to have said that they propose in time to get to Fiji. At first their operations will be confined to Java, Sumatra and Borneo. Samoa and the New Hebrides they do not at present expect to touch at all, but will make an effort to work New Guinea as soon as possible. The Commandant proposes to work in perfect harmony with Christians on the field.

CHICAGO.—The March bulletin of the Ethical Society announces the following lectures by Mr. William M. Salter at Steinway Hall, 17 Van Buren street, 11:15 a. m.: 7th, "The Gospel for the Age of Doubt;" 14th, "William Morris; or, An Artist's View of Society;" 21st, "Marriage and Some Literary Attacks on It;" 28th, "The Dependence of Public Upon Private Morality."

The Cause, the modest little paper edited and published by Mr. Salter, "aims to communicate ethical ideas and impulses as widely as possible in the community in which it is published. It is a missionary publication and is given away freely at the meetings of the Chicago Ethical Society. It looks for its support from those who believe in what it stands for. Contributions above a regular subscription will be acknowledged in its columns. Subscriptions (50 cents) insure its delivery by mail. * * * At the recent meeting of the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools the following societies were represented: All Souls, Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue; Blue Island (Universalist), Geneva (Unitarian), Hinsdale (Unitarian), Independent Liberal, 333 Hampden Court; Messiah, 23rd street and Michigan avenue; North Side Ethical, 619 Wells street; Oak Park (Universalist); Our Father, 844 Burling street; Redeemer, Warren avenue and Robey street; South Side Ethical, 3118 Forest avenue; Stewart Avenue Universalist, 65th street and Stewart avenue; Third Unitarian, Madison and Robey streets; Unity, Dearborn avenue and Walton place; West Side Ethical,, 166 South Wood street. Albert Scheible, 851 The Rookery is the chairman of the permanent organization committee. * * * Prof. Albion Small can always count on a warm welcome from the people of All Souls Church. Last Sunday he lectured on "Thought as a Factor in Determining Conduct." His discourse showed close reasoning, the short, crisp sentences, coming with such energy, were a delight to listen to, and the highest end of preaching was attained, for every word was an inspiration to high thinking and right living.

APPLETON, WIS.—February 21 the Young Men's Sunday Evening Club of the First Congregational Church, Rev. John Faville, pastor, celebrated its fifth anniversary. Its methods have been so successful and the results attained so phenomenal that we publish at some length an account of its history and methods, in the hope that they may encourage similar organizations in other churches. THE NEW UNITY extends hearty congratulations to the pastor and this noble band of workers. May the close of another year see their high hopes realized, and the one thousand members an assured fact.

On the evening of February 21, 1892, the Young Men's Sunday Evening Club held its first service. Two weeks before an organization was formed. In its constitution it was stated that "the aim of this association shall be to increase the interest and effectiveness of the Sunday evening services of the First Congregational Church of Appleton." Two things have been prominent in the work of the club. One, to make a better evening service, not so much by innovations as by a more varied and vigorous use of what is usual in the evening service. A printed program with the hymns and responsive readings and the special music is provided for each attendant. Both vocal and instrumental music is used, and the club aims to enlist as many different musicians as possible. An efficient corps of ushers and collectors, free seats, short sermons, a spirit of welcome to all, have combined to make a prompt, varied, business-like people's religious service.

The Young Men's Sunday Evening Club was organized to do but one thing, help the evening service. It has done much more than this. It expects to do more in the future. It has helped the social life of the church, especially among the men, but it can do much more in this direction. It has helped the finances of the church. One hundred and twenty-four members of the club are now regular contributors to the current expenses of the church who were not five years ago. The club will in the future become more interested in all that has to do with the business of the church. It has assisted in the morning service; it has become in part responsible for the cost of the music of the church; it has enlarged the parish; it has become the father of many similar associations; but it has not begun to exhaust its possibilities in any of these directions. It believes there are many more young men and older ones in this city who should join our association. It wants and heartily welcomes all who have not other church relations and duties. It has set as its mark at the close of another year, a thousand members. It extends the hand of fellowship to all similar organizations, and is glad to give information as to its work to all who desire it.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

To our Churches, Women's Alliances, Postoffice Mission Committees, Guilds and Young People's Unions:

The Unitarian Temperance Society has been in existence for ten years, and is now incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. In order that our work may be done more effectively, we appeal for help to all Unitarians who are interested in the cause of temperance. We need more memberships and a larger number of people actively interested in our work. Especially do we ask our ministers to join with us as members and co-workers. We ask aid also of the Women's Alliances and the Postoffice Mission Committees in spreading our litera-

You may get over that slight cold all right, but it has left its mark on the membranes lining your throat. You are liable to take another cold and the second one will hang on longer than the first. Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary cough specific, but it is "the ounce of prevention." It builds up the system, checks inflammation and heals inflamed membranes. "Slight" colds never bring serious results when it is promptly taken.

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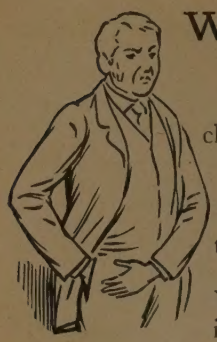

Who pays for all the clothes, etc., that are worn out and torn to pieces in the wash? Whoever it is, he or she ought to insist that the washing shall be done with **Pearline**, and with **Pearline only**. Then that ruinous, expensive rub, rub, rub, over the washboard, which makes all the trouble, will be done away with. It isn't a little matter, either, this needless wear and tear. It's big enough to pay any man to look after it, and stop it. **Pearline** saves not only hard work, but hard-earned money. 493

Millions now use Pearline

ture. The membership fee is only $1 a year. On the payment of $25 (or that sum within five years from the date of the first payment) a person can become a life member. The Richard Clap Weis fund of $1,000 is now established, and we shall be glad of additions to it. Address membership fees and all communications concerning the finances of the society to the treasurer, Mr. Frank B. Thayer, P. O. Box 3266, Boston, Mass.

Our publications are free, with a few exceptions; and we desire for them as wide a distribution as possible. We should like to place them in the vestibule of every Unitarian church, and to have them used constantly by the Postoffice Mission. We wish to have the subject of temperance frequently presented at conferences, before the churches and Sunday schools, young people's unions and guilds. We hope that the subject may have at least one hearing during the year, and to this end we issue attractive special services. In these, and in as many other ways as possible, we are seeking to extend our work. We therefore ask your assistance by gifts of money, by securing new members, by interesting others in temperance work, by having this work brought forward in your church. We ask the more hearty co-operation of all those who have the cause of temperance and total abstinence at heart.

(Signed)
GEORGE HERBERT HOSMER, President.
RICHARD W. BOYNTON, Secretary.

Books Received.

☞All books and pamphlets received by THE NEW UNITY are acknowledged in this column. More extended notice of any publication will depend upon its importance to the readers of THE NEW UNITY.

"The Story of the Chosen People," By H. A. Guerber; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, American Book Company.

Napoleon, Extracts from Henri Martin, Victor Duruy, Memorial De Sainte-Hélène, Thiers, Chateaubriand, Edgar Quinet and Madame de Rémusat, with a narration by the editor, Alicée Fortier, D.Lt. Boston and London, Ginn & Co., the Anthenæum Press.

"An Examination of Weismannism." George John Romanes, F.R.S. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, 1896.

International Journal of Ethics. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. 65 cents.

"The Prophets of Israel; Popular Sketches of Old Testament History." Carl Heinrich Cornill. Translated by Sutton F. Corkran. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, 1895.

"The Family a Necessity of Civilization," Rev. Jno. B. Robins, A. M., D. D. Published by the author, Atlanta, Ga. $1.00.

Old and New.

The Old Musician.

On Christmas evening, 1837, an old man with a stout stick walked slowly through the most fashionable quarter of Paris. His right arm pressed to his side an oblong object wrapped in a checkered cotton handkerchief. He was thinly clad, shivering and emaciated. He was buffeted about by the skurrying crowds, apparently at a loss which way to turn. He untied the checkered handkerchief and disclosed a violin and bow. He raised the instrument, and started to play a sentimental strain, but the result was only harsh and inharmonious sounds. The street gamins chaffed him. With a sob he sank down upon the steps, resting the instrument upon his knees. "My God!" he cried, "I can no longer play!"

Three young men came down the street singing a tune then popular among the students of the Conservatoire de Musique. One of them accidentally knocked off his hat, and a second stumbled against his leg. The bareheaded old violinist rose proudly to his feet.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the third man. "I hope we did not hurt you." The speaker picked up the old man's hat.

"No," was the bitter answer.

The young man saw the violin.

"You are a musician?"

"I was one." Two great tears trickled down the old man's cheeks.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

The old man faltered for a moment; then he held out his hat to them.

"Give me a trifle for the love of God. I can no longer earn anything by my art. My fingers are stiff, and my daughter is dying of consumption and want."

Down in his pockets went each one of the trio. They were but poor students, and the result was only sixteen sous. This was the combined capital of the two. The third had only a cake of resin.

"This won't do," declared the one who had apologized for the accident. "We want more than that to relieve our fellow artist. A pull together will do it. You, Adolphe, take the violin, and accompany Gustave, while I go round with the hat.

A ringing laugh was the answer.

They pulled their hats over their faces and turned up their coat collars in order

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to avoid recognition. Adolphe took the violin from the old man's trembling hands. Gustave straightened out his shoulders. In another moment the first notes of the "Carnival de Venice" were floating out upon the night air. Such masterful music did not customarily come from the instruments of street players. Windows of the palatial houses flew up, and heads were thrust out of the openings. Strollers coming down the street stopped, and those who had gone on retraced their steps. Soon a good-sized crowd had gathered. Gustave sang the favorite cavatina from "La Dame Blanche" in a manner that held the audience spellbound. It "rained money" when the song was finished.

"One more tune," whispered the treasurer of the enterprise. "Bring out those bass notes of yours, Adolphe. I'll help you out with the baritone part, Gustave, my brave tenor. We'll finish up with the trio from 'Guillaume Tell.' And, mind, now, we're singing for the honor of the Conservatoire as well as for the sake of a brother artiste." The three young men played and sang probably as they never played and sang in their after life. The most critical of audiences was enthralled.

Life came back to the old man. He grasped his stick, and, adapting it as a baton, used it with the air of one having authority. He stood transfixed when they had done; his face lighted up, his eyes glistened.

The proceeds of the entertainment netted five hundred francs. Many of the wealthy listeners had thrown gold pieces into the old battered hat.

Then they gave him back his hat and its contents, and wrapped up the instrument in the old checkered handkerchief.

"Your names, your names" the old man gasped. "Give me your names that I may bless them on my deathbed."

"My name is Faith," said the first.

"And mine Hope," said the second.

"And mine Charity," said the treasurer of the enterprise.

"You do not even know mine," continued the old man, regaining his voice.

"Ah! I might have been an impostor, but I am not. My name is Chapuce. For ten years I directed the orchestra of the opera at Strasburg. It was I who led in 'Guillaume Tell.' Since I left my native Alsace misfortune has followed me. With this money my daughter and I can go to the country and there she will recover her health, and I shall find a place to teach when she can no longer perform. You—all of you—will be truly great."

"Amen!" was the hearty response of the students, as they shook the good man's hand.

Despite their attempt at disguising, the young men had been recognized by one who afterward told the tale.

They were known to fame in later years as Gustave Roger, the great tenor, Adolphe Herman, the great violinist, and Charles Gounod, the great composer.

So the old man's prophecy was fulfilled.—*The Voice.*

Teachers and Students Should Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It supplies just the material that is most wasted by brain work and nervous exertion—the phosphate.

An explorer recently found in Egypt a bronze bowl and a series of iron tools of forms quite unlike any known in Egypt, and they are thought to belong to an Assyrian armorer about 670 B. C. These tools, comprising three saws made for pulling, not pushing, one rasp, one file, several chisels and ferrules, a scoop-edged drill, two center bits, and others, are of the greatest value in the history of tools, as showing several forms of an earlier date than was thought possible. They are probably of Assyrian origin.—*Friend's Intelligencer and Journal.*

We are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and dare not hoist a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way, though we do not.—*Emerson.*

Young Men Quit Tobacco

If you wish to preserve your manhood. Education at large expense to develop mental brilliancy is torn down by Tobacco use and nervousness results. SURE-QUIT, an antidote chewing gum rights the wrong. 25c. a box, nearly all druggists. Booklet and sample free. Eureka Chemical Co. Detroit, Mich.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-finding fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers that comes jest the same,
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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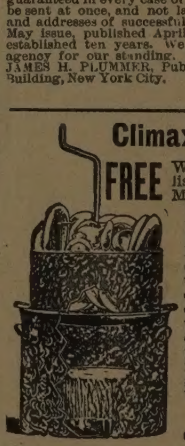

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